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"Liberty and UNION, now and forever, one and inseparable."

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A CHILD OF SORROW.

A THRILLING SCENE.

During the last fatal evening, when those who thought at all reflected, observed a dead and bare tree in the room, the religion of the heart, bringing peace and good will on earth, came to cheer the soul of the religion of form, a little girl not six years old, had been observed by a lonely lady sitting by the fire, on the stool of a dead granite bar lounge. It seemed to be long she sat there, but at a certain hour, there it was, suspended in an odd about, suspended on the cold stone, and holding it, still firmly. Inwardly and outwardly, more like an aged old woman than a child. Old civilization clung around it, but the melancholy little being nestled out in the center, but not sheltered at all.

Soon after it was known to the maid of the lady's house, and took advantage of the kind of widow. The lady who was fond of children, thinking that the little girl might be trying to attract her notice, entered the room suddenly, and offered it some gingerbread. When the damsel moved, there was a strange eager expression in the child's eyes; but when she saw the lady she looked scared and disappointed. The kind voice and manner soon reassured the startled child, who thankfully took the offering, broke it up into little bits in her hand, and carried it to the door opposite, where she again took her station. Another child, seeing the gingerbread, came up to the solitary infant, who gave the newcomer some, and by gesture the lady saw she was informing the other child whence the gift came. After waiting a considerable time without eating her gingerbread, the poor little girl was dejectedly and went away, still looking back at the house.

A day or two afterwards, the same child was seen wandering about the pavement near the area, and holding out a bit of sugar candy in its tiny fingers through the rods. The lady, who thought that the child was come to offer a sign of gratitude for the gingerbread, went down into the area and as soon as she approached the child ran away. Soon again, however, the child was at its old station, the door step opposite.—The lady, finding it difficult to be really female servants very odd, but received no observation in reply.

One morning the door was opened to receive a piece of furniture, and the same child again suddenly appeared, and advanced stealthily towards the door. The lady who was near, said "I see you!" when the child immediately retreated to her door-step. "This is very extraordinary," said the lady to her servant; "I cannot make out what that child wants."

"Indian," said the servant bursting into tears, "it is my child."

"Your child! But go, bring her in. Where does she live?"

"Well my sister, and she goes to school. I have told her never to come here; but the poor thing will come every playtime. She says that as you thought she was offering you some sugar candy, I had been to the school and given her a pony; when the school was over—the cause to give me sugar candy she had bought. Oh, I can't have mercy—forgive me! Do not scold me away!"

The lady who had known adversity, and was not one of those kindly righteous persons who forget the first principles inculcated by the divine Author of the Christian creed, looked grave; it is true, but did not shrink from the lowly-sinner as if she had the plague, although she had become a mother before she had been a wife, by the gay cavalier who had deceived and forsaken her. Nor did she turn her back upon the wide world, in the virtuous sternness of her indignation. To the great terror of some of her neighbors, she told her servant, that her child might come to see her every Sunday, beginning with the next. When the child, who was no longer the moping creature which it had been before it was admitted to the mother, heard this, she immediately and anxiously inquired,

"How many days and nights is it to Sunday?"

Some may sneer at this; to me there is something affecting in the quiet, subdued demeanour of this offspring of shame, timidly watching to obtain a glimpse of her who had borne it, at an age when happier children are never without those greatest of documents, the excesses of a mother. Think of the misery of this poor child, driven from the mere instant of leaving me as parent, to the sad demeanor of age, whilst the other more little ones were sporting around it. Think what she must have suffered, as she gazed day after day, at the towering door, which shut out more than all the world's value to her. Think of the suffering mother, dreading to lose, with her place and character, the means of supporting her, less, prematurely outgrown. Oh, man, man, thou hast much to answer for!

FOREIGN MARKETS.

A FAMILY.

I have written this short day,
By the fire, a young widow,
And there is a widow tree
Of wheat and Indian corn.

Hush, hush, at the window,
Living room & home,
Let Amos his domestic pet,
A colt and a lamb.

Watch out against even a green
Bird frequent head of hay;
And Lucifer comitted a dog
To his east to play.

Political was change butterflies,
With wings red with love;
Affection mixed with animal grace
Upon the sweet empyre.

Flora was matilda flowers
Gardening on the door;
And Pleasant made short a tour
To Mr. Bright's store.

Justice bid good morrow, and
Festive metus.
For Jolly bid me stow away,
Unless I come with Glee.

Patience sat in easy chair,
Tossing a stem
White Monk with ruddy eye and air
Would trample slate.

Felicity brighten'd a flower
Climbing, broid and moist,
And the Congregation take it along
To Want, across the street.

But I was destined to see
Power, and free, and life,
With Ferocious man his knee,
Old Satisfaction there.

He took me by the hand, and led
Me down a steep green,
Where Fun and Frolic, antics played,
Two ancient oaks between.

Put best of all it was to find,
That Love, the day before,
The fording Press had kicked behind
And tossed him out of door.

And now, kind reader, if you chose
This family to know,
A FATHER'S here I'll introduce—
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THIRTY-FIVE CRIMES.—They have some very brave enterers in London; that fact there no is disputing if we admit that the reporters translate them night, and of course "they don't do anything else" as the following specimens of lofty and burning eloquence will testify.

"Americans! This is a great country—wide—vast—and in the south-west undivided. Our republic is yet destined to *possess* all South America—to occupy the usonian possessions, and again to recover possession of those British provinces which the prowess of the old thirteen colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham all rightfully ours to *re-occupy*. Ours is a great and growing country. Funeral Hall was its cradle—but water—water will be found number enough for its coffin! Soon all the water out of the Atlantic ocean and its bed would not afford a grave sufficient for its corpse. And yet America has scarcely grown out of the gristly of boyhood. Europe? She is so wharfling—a circumstance—a cipher—a mere obsolete idea. We have faster steam-boats, swifter locomotives, larger creeks, bigger plantations, blacker niggers, deeper cataracts, louder thunder, forked lightning, bigger coons, braver men, handsomer women, and more money than England herself! [Thundering applause.] Who's afraid?"

PRICE CLOTHES.—Drums There has been some demand for these articles; but at present they seem pretty much "knocked in the head." **Gloves.**—These articles have taken a turn lately. Holders think they can put them through. **New Cider.**—Those who have visited the presses where it is made, say there is a great deal of sick in about this article, this year. **Store Pipe.**—This article has done some thing lately, as it is said, but we suspect there is more smoke than fire about it.

Flax.—This article is much kneaded and seems to be on the rise. **Feathers.**—Abolitionists and some others have complained that there is a stick in this article, and they don't go off well.

Making a Bed MATTER.—"Sally, and Mrs. Hamond, the other day, to her maid servant, a strapping country wench, who was handing the muslins round to the company at a tea party, given by the mistress to a few select friends—"Sally, I'm really shocked that you should so disgrace yourself and me by coming to wait at table with such dirty hands."

"Lawk, Mam!" responded the artless nymph, glancing at her stony-baked fingers. "I hope you don't call these hands dirty; you should see my feet!"

THE FIRST GRIP.

There is something in our fast ocean,
Like our first love. There is nothing in another life as a sweet. Then the heart responds to the lightest touch, and whether it be in joy or sorrow, in love or hate, that touch makes an impression that years may not efface. Happy childhood! they joys like thy sorrows, are things to envy.

As we are no longer a nation, as we no more wish our laws for Whig or Tory, or do battle against our quondam adversaries, the Lancashire, we suppose we are at liberty to moralize and sentimentalize to the stop of our heart! in all events, we shall do it, and if we occasionally plunge into the world of sweets around us, and treat our readers to something like the following, we imagine we shall at least please some of our many friends, and not run the risk of being knocked on the crown by any body. Thus much, then, by way of preface.

The New York Mirror,—a paper we can no more do without, than we can dispense with our dinner,—has a correspondent who rejoices in the name of "Fanny Forester." Fanny is a sweet name—we intend to call our youngest daughter Fanny—and Fanny writes a charming letter. We wish she would write one for us. In one of her recent letters, she draws the following picture, one of the most exquisite things we have seen in a long, long time.—N. O. T.

"I have never told you any thing about Alder-Brook, and my charming, funny little home. Oh! such a brook as that at the foot of our hill—when it is a brook, I mean, for now it is nothing but a palpable line of chiliness—living, 'I take it,' by the blue breath and ague, that shakes it into wrinkles. But I never saw it so ugly before—never. You should be here in the season of cowslips and spring violets, and let me guide you along the budding things, all leaning forward to see their young faces in it. Oh! that stream which every body knows, with the bridge across it, is nothing to this! And this had a bridge, too; a low one, level with the footpath, made of logs, tied together, with strong wales of beech. I laughed and crowded about this water when I was a baby, and therefore, I have it. I played beside it, when the days were years of summer-time, and the summers were young eternities of brightness, and, therefore, I love it. It was the scene of my first grief, too. Shall I tell you? There is not much to tell, but I have a notion that there are people above us, up in the air, and behind the clouds, that consider little girls' doings about as important as those of men and women. The birds and the angels are great levelers.

It was a dry season—the brook was low, and a gray trout, in a coat of golden brown, darted over with crimson, and a silver pinnate, lay, weather-bound, on the half-dry stones, all heated and panting, with about a tea-spoonful of lake-warm water turning lazily from its head, and creeping down its back at too slow a pace to afford the sufferer hope of emancipation. My sympathies—little girls, you must know, are made up of love and sympathy, and such like follies, which afterwards contract into—n'importe! I was saying, my sympathies were aroused; and, quite forgetting that the water would take the gloss from my new red morocco shoes, I picked my way along; and, laying hold of my fine gentleman in limbo, succeeded in burying him in the folds of my white apron, wet face and all! But such an uneasy prisoner! More than one frightened toss did he get into the grass; and then I had an infinite deal of trouble to secure him again. His gratitude was very much like that of human's, when you do them marked service.

When I had reached a cool, shaded, deep spot, far down, where the spotted elders lean like so many self-enamored Narcissuses, over the ripples-faced mirror, I dropped my apron, and let go my prize. Ah! he was grateful then! He must have been! How he divested, and sprang to the surface, and spread out his little wings of dark-ribbed gossamer, and frisked about, keeping all the time a cool thin sheet between his back and the sun-sick air! I loved that pretty fish, for I had been kind to it! and I thought it would love me, too, and stay there, and be a play-fellow for me; so I went every day and watched for it; and watched until my little eyes ached; but I never saw it again. That was my first grief: what is there in years to make a heartache heavier? That first will be longer remembered than the last, I dare say!"

A swaggering fellow, betting at an election, a constable got his eye on the great man and recognized him as an old offender, of whom he was in pursuit.

"Come, I bet \$50 on Mr. —! Who'll take me up?"

"I will," cried the constable, clapping his paw on his shoulder.

Geology of the United States.—At one of the Evening Meetings of the Association—Capt. Fitz William presiding, the distinguished geologist Mr. Lyell delivered a lecture on the Geology of the United States.

It is a curious fact, he said, that the principal geological formations of the country agree very closely with those of England; the organic remains found in the same formation correspond in general, and many of them are identical with those found in corresponding strata in this country. The most important feature of the geology of the United States is their coal formation. The Ohio coal-field extends for a length of 700 miles, and that of Illinois is larger than the whole of England. The coal is formed in workable beds of considerable thickness, and in one instance there is a bed of coal forty feet thick, which comes up to the surface and is quarried like stone. Another branch of Mr. Lyell's lecture was the consideration of the recession of the falls of Niagara. He exhibited a large pictorial scene representing the bed of the Niagara river, the painting having, he said, been enlarged from a drawing made by Mr. R. Halewell, junior, to illustrate the gradual wearng away of the rocks by the Falls. The ravine formed extends for seven miles; and there is doubt that at one period the Niagara river fell over the cliff at Queenstown, three hundred feet high. The present height of the Falls is one hundred and seventy feet, and the rate of recession is about one foot a year. During the time that the Falls have thus been wasting away the rocks; the great mastodon, whose immense fossil remains are found on the banks of the ravine, must have walked on the earth before (as it is supposed) the existence of man.

The Honest Boy.—A gentleman from the country placed his son with a dry goods merchant in — streets. For a time all went on well. At length a lady came to the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited upon her. The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceeded to fold the goods. He discovered, before he had finished, a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady, said:

"Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you here is a fracture in the silk."

Of course she did not take it.

The merchant over heard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home; the son said he, "will never make a merchant."

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved, and hastened to be informed of his deficiency.

"Why will not he make a merchant?" asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer.—"Only a day or two ago, he told a lady voluntarily, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged; and I lost the the baguine. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolish in me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all his fault?" asked the parent.

"Yes," answered the merchant; "he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever, and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your store for the world!"

GUARD AGAINST WET FEET.—Some writer remarks that "we often see people tramping about in the mud, with leather soaked through, and how often do such people, when they return home, sit down by the fire-side and permit their feet to dry, without either changing their stockings or shoes?" Can we then wonder at the coughing and hacking, and rheumatism and inflammation, which enable the doctors to ride in their carriages? Wet feet most commonly produce affections of the throat and lungs; and when such diseases have taken place, "the house is on fire," and danger is not far off; therefore, let us entreat our readers, no matter how healthy, to guard against wet feet."

Good Advice.—"If you ever marry," said a Roman Cousin to his son, "let it be a woman who has Judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal of victuals; taste enough to dress herself; pride enough to wash her face before breakfast; and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say;"

I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply—says Colton—to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the world. "Sir," said he, "it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world, but it is very possible that some one should know him self."